

WHISKEY FRISKEY.

W H I S K E Y F R I S K E Y

To which are added,

2. The Answer to Darby O'Gallagher.

3. THE PROKER.

4. Sweet Poll of Plymouth.



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W H I S K E Y F R I S K E Y.

C O M E all real lovers of Whiskey attend,
Whilst it praises you hear from a true honest
friend
In politeness my audience surpasses the Greek,
For you'll find none disposed for to stand or to speak.
Derry down, down, high derry down.

Of Whiskey let no one the power dispute,
Which, like Cornu's draught, turns a man to a brute;
But sure in sweet Newry its virtues are known,
Since 'tis meat, drink and cloathing to one half the
town.

Derry down, &c.

Of that people's happiness what must you think,
Where three halfpence procures them meat, cloathing
and drink!

And when stretched in the kennel they're wet to the
skin.

Their washing and lodging are given them in.

Derry down, &c.

Of old it was held that the higher you were,

The longer your journey to Hell would appear:

O Whiskey! thy lovers, of mankind, are blest,

For they die twelve feet higher at least than the rest.

Derry down, &c.

Tho' our Nobles so oft about peace disagree,

And each thinks the other beneath him shou'd be;

From Whiskey superior the honours that spring,

For a man when dead drunk is as great as a King.

Derry down, down, high derry down.

A new Song, call'd, the Answer to Darby
O'Gallagher.

WE have lately heard,
Of the talk that was spread,
Of a young boasting Fellow, call'd Darby
O'Gallagher.

But now there is one,
That can take him down,
Who is known by the name of young Ma-
nus M'Alister.

This jolly brisk Lad,
Is a Mason to Trade, [Sir;
He is the best Workman in the Irish Nation.
He is equally fam'd,
Besides, he is nam'd
The layer of all good Foundations Sir.

A Maiden of late
Whose Shapes they were Neat,
Her Skin was as white as Alabaster Sir;
She being Distrest,
Did beg the Request,
To get a Breach stop'd by young Manus
M'A'ister.

He straight took Compassion,
Of this Lady of Fashion; [ter;
Besides he had a mind for to stop her Canif-

He fixed his Gavel,
In under her Navel,
And he soon stopp'd her breach with his Ma-
nus M'Alister.

A Maiden of Late,
Whose Fame it was great,
For being a most well noted Smalackar;
She came as we hear,
Without any Fear, [lagher,
To have a bold Trial with Darby O'Gal-

When She came there,
He was blowing the Fire;
He says my fair Maid, from whence are you
Traveling;
I am come says She,
From Tanderagee, [lagher,
To have a bold trial with you Darby O'Gal-

He was afraid,
To begin the Parade,
And after a while he fell to a blowing Sir;
At the second Bout,
He cries I am out,
And her little Cock fell to a Crowing Sir.

You silly Wag,
You poor empty Brag,
I see you are nothing but an empty Boaster
But better now,

I have in my View,
For I will set off the young Manus M'Alistier.

To Manus we hear,
Her Course she did Steer,
Because she had to fight another Battle Sir,
Then to Killileagh,
She straight took her way,
Where there she met with young Manus
M'Alistier.

My pretty fair Maid,
He unto her said,
Where do you live in the Province of Ulster;
I am come says She,
From Tanderagee,
To have a bold trial with you Manus M'A.

Without more Ado,
To work they fell Too,
He mounted her Scaffold without any trou-
ble Sir,
And every Blow,
He gave her Below,
He made her two Ends for to meet in the
middle Sir.

Then with his long Rule,
He straight plum'd her Pool,
With an intent for to gain the Victory;
Then with a stout Blow,

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Of two Stones Below, [tory.
He made her to Scream like a Cat in a Fac-

She says, Manus my dear,
O stop your Career, [Sir,
For I must confess that I am beaten hollow
And unto that Death,
Put's a stop to my Breath, [lister.
I ne'er will engage with young Manus M'A-

But now for to End,
These Lines I have Penn'd, [er.
In Singing the Praise of this Sporting Frolick-
Darby may Lie,
As close as a Pye,
For he is Naught to Compare to young Ma-
nus M'Alister.

A new Song call'd the PROKER.

A Bout twenty years ago Ally Croker made a great
Noise,
And was baw'd about the streets by all the little dir-
ty boys;
Tho' her face was more cleaner than the yellow oaker,
I'd sing a better song—about a little Proker.

*O the sweet, the pretty little Proker,
I'd sing a better song about a little Proker.*

'Twas in Ballyporeen (of the county I've forgot the
name,

This song is sacred in fact.

But it was in Ireland, and that you know is all the same;

A great fat greasy Landlady, so fat the Devil chokker,
She accused poor Paddy Dougherty with stealing of
her *Praker*.

O the swots, &c.

Now Pat. he was a Grenadier, in what they call the
Light-horse.

And a cleaner tighter fellow, upon my Soul there
never was,

Then Pat. he roar'd out, Blood an'ouns, do you take
me for a *Stoker*?

From the Devil's fire-side I'd come to steal away your
Praker.

Bad look to you, you Bitch, and your dirty lousy
Praker, &c.

Why, Sir, says she, I neither knows nor cares about
you *intal* a talk.

But since you are for Quarreling, and determin'd to
keep up the Ball,

You must take your Bible oath, and without any
Jokier,

That you know neither from word or deed about the
little *Praker*.

The Devil fly away with you, and your dirty black-
guard *Praker*, &c.

Now Pat. swore by the Hill of Hoath, and by the
Holy Father too.

By all the Saints in the Calander, gather'd there to-
ge:her too.

By the handle of his body, and by the Bread he broke
here,

That he neither knew from word or deed about the
little *Praker*.

D—in you, you Bitch and your dirty lousy *Praker*.

Now all that he could say or do, had no effect upon
her,

Because, as why says she, you now you never pledge
your honour,

With that he started back, clapp'd his hand behind
his cloke here

Touch my honour, touch my life,

Zeounds, Woman, there's your Procter.

O, the Sweet, &c.

Sweet POLL of PLYMOUTH.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear,

When forc'd from her to go,

A down her check rain'd many a tear,

My heart was fraught with woe:

Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we flood,

The land we left behind,

Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,

My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep, and now between,

Us lay the ocean wide;

For five long years I had not seen,

My sweet, my bonny bride,

That time I sail'd the world around,

All for my true love's sake,

E N D

